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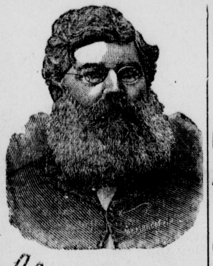

Charles C. Moore
Editor

TERMS OF THE BLADE.

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"THE DAMNED STUFF CALLED ALCOHOL.

I believe that alcohol, to a certain degree, demoralizes those who make it, those who sell it, and those who drink it.

I believe from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm of the distillery until it empties into the hell of crime, death and dishonor, it demoralizes everybody that touches it.

I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without becoming prejudiced against this liquid crime.

All you have to do is to think of the of death— of the suicides of the insanity, of the poverty of the Ignorance, of the distress, of the little children tugging at the faded dresses of weeping and despairing wives, asking for bread; of the men of genius it has wrecked; of the millions who have struggled with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing.

And when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the prisons, and of the scaffolds upon either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against the damned stuff called alcohol.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

"Keep Church and State forever separate."—Grant.

"In no sense whatsoever is this government founded upon the Christian religion."—Washington.

"The divorce between Church and State should be absolute."—Garfield.

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DR. J. B. WILSON OF CINCINNATI

AS AMERICAN DELEGATE TO THE INTERNATIONAL FREE-THOUGHT CONGRESS TO BE HELD IN ROME.

ITALY, IN SEPTEMBER 304, (1904).

The London Freethinker gives a graphic and inspiring report of the International Freethought Congress held in Geneva, Switzerland, in September, E. M., 302. If this Congress had been held in the interest of orthodoxy, the press of Christendom would have rung with praises of its success, the ability of its delegates, and the gravity of the questions discussed. But ignored as it was, its influence is permeating every vein and artery in the civilized world. The Swiss Republic tendered the use of the University of Geneva for the sessions of the Congress. It is a fact that the orthodox world should ponder that in the City of Calvin, the most eloquent and thrilling arraignments of superstition ever made in Christendom were made and applauded to the echo. Another significant fact that should arouse American Freethinkers to action, is that though four hundred of the most learned men and women in Europe were delegates to this Congress, yet the United States which we claim is the storm center of liberal thought, sent no representative, and England sent but one, when her thinkers and scientists have in great measure revolutionized the thought of the civilized world and paralyzed religious superstition. Three thousand Rationalist organizations took part in this splendid Congress, and strange to say, one hundred Free thought societies from Spain proclaimed their allegiance to the International Congress. There is something pathetic in the picture of men and women in priest-ridden Spain holding out pleading hands to the nations of the world, to join forces for the liberation of the human mind. There is life in that old land yet, and the human reason is struggling to free itself from the iron hand of priestly tyranny. The delegates to this Congress crowned with flowers the bust of the learned savant Carl Vogt, then forming in procession they marched to the statue of Jean Jacques Rousseau and laid a garland of flowers at the feet of the citizen philosopher, who from his fiery soul proclaimed the doctrine of human rights with such power that it is a flaming influence in the human mind today.

The speakers at the International Congress were in many languages, on a wide range of subjects, and delivered by both women and men with powerful eloquence. The stream of progress is freighted with their influence.

The next International Congress is to assemble in the shadow of the Vatican, on September 20th, E. M., 304, and the Rationalists of the United States should at once proceed to be ably represented there.

The National Liberal Party should send an able and active delegate to Rome.

I, here and now, nominate Dr. J. B. Wilson, of Cincinnati, Ohio, as American Representative to the International Congress, which will convene in Rome, the "Eternal City," on September 20th, 304. Dr. J. B. Wilson would be a most fitting representative from the land of Ingersoll. By his ability, loyalty, and splendid service to the cause of Rationalism, he stands in the front rank of the liberal thinkers and writers of the world. He is keenly alive and informed on all questions bearing on the moral uplift of the human race, and is always on guard to defend mental liberty, and the human rights of the enslaved and oppressed. His pen speakes truth with the combined pathos and polish of an Emerson and an Ingersoll.

Let the movement now be placed on foot to send Dr. Wilson to Rome with a commission to place a wreath of immortelles at the feet of the immortal Bruno, "whose statue fronts the Vatican with the sunrise of Liberty upon its face." Here upon the spot where Bruno was burnt, let this distinguished American Freethinker stand, and in words that glow and burn, offer the homage of his native land, to the immortal Bruno whose temple was the universe, and who spoke to humanity the philosophy of Nature, which is not a doctrine, but a destiny.

JOSEPHINE K. HENRY.
Versailles, Ky.

AN IMPORTANT NEWSPAPER CHANGE.

Henry Watterson's Courier-Journal Announces a New Policy.

During Three Decades the Louisville Courier-Journal has stood unalterably before the public as the representative of the great commonality of the people against both the Robber Baron, seeking through the accretion of ill-gotten money to steal away the people's liberty by stealing away their franchise rights, and the ready tool of the Robber Baron the bandit politician, masquerading as a Statesman and a patriot the better to serve the ends of his master. In fulfilling this high function it has sometimes had to go fast and sometimes to go slow, sometimes to cry "onward," and sometimes to cry "halt," sometimes to drive ahead; but never changing the directions of its movements and always true to the underlying principle of its being, expressed by the simple demand for "The Greatest Good to the Greatest Number."

With the advent of the new year, that is on the first of January, 1903, the Courier-Journal began a compaign for which its looks for commanding results, and the better to reach the object it has before it, the twice-a-week edition was changed to a once-a-week edition, returning to the old Weekly Courier-Journal, which for a quarter of a century was literally a political bible to millions of Americans who knew they could trust both its prescience and its disinterestedness.

The new Weekly Courier-Journal is modern in every respect, and is a paper for the home. It is issued every Wednesday, and its ten or twelve eight-column pages are filled with the best work of the best writers. The price of the paper is $1 a year, in advance, and it is well worth it.

By a special arrangement with the publishers of the Courier-Journal you can get that paper and the Blue Grass Blade one year for only $1.50 a year.

CHRISTIAN SYSTEM THE FIRST CAUSE OF EVIL

HARRIET M. CLOSZ.

The article by Walter Hurt in the Blade of November 23, is worthy of that brilliant reform Editor. I wish that each word written by him might be inscribed upon the fly-leaf of every Bible in Christendom, though even then, there would be little hope of its perusal by women.

He asks that women make demands for the emancipation of femininity, and says: "Stop railing at religion long enough to smite the infinite injustice practiced against the mothers of men." No one realizes this "infinite injustice" more than women, and the need for relief is pressing, but to stop railing at religion would preclude the possibility of accomplishing the emancipation of femininity, for **women cannot be freed so long as we are dominated by the Christian religion.** Indeed, any permanent social or political reform is impossible while superstition reigns supreme. **Christian tyranny is the foundation stone of our present unjust system and not until it is demolished can the idea of justice to motherhood prevail.** As long as women can be persuaded that they were cursed in the beginning by divine decree, pronounced unclean by the infinite father and decreed by him to misery and subjection and humiliation by the head of the house the master of the church and the ruler of the heavens—just so long will she worship her destroyer and continue to subordinate her life to priestly edicts.

The surface manifestation which we see in the brutal injustice about us, is terrible indeed, but we should not do the very thing the priesthood desires us to do—look only upon the surface for the cause of these afflictions, but we should probe the malignant sore to its very depths. For 50 years the equal suffrage association has toiled and begged for political justice only to be sneered at by their male superiors and opposed by their benighted Christian sisters. For decades the Temperance Unions have sought to ameliorate the horrible condition of the victims of drink. For centuries the lovers of humanity have tried to find relief from the demoralizing necessity for prostitution. For years legislators have been petitioned to grant a legal status to the innocent victim—the illegitimate issue of our "double code" system. Time out of mind the cause of personal, political, property and domestic rights has been fought on the platform, in the press and before the bar—and nearly always lost. Why? **Because we have not stormed the citadel—the well nigh impregnable fortress of Christian Tyranny.** No progress can be made—in fact, time is wasted, even though we capture the outposts seventy times seven for recruits are constantly supplied who defend to the death their so called sacred heritage.

For years such atrocities as the one related by Mr. Hurt, as perpetrated against women, have burned themselves into my heart. I have sought for the cause long and diligently, and to my mind it is quite clear that the Jehovah of the Bible whose mandates have been crystalized into Canon Laws and executed by a selfish and villainous male hierarchy, **is responsible for every injustice suffered by the female sex,** and through this injustice practiced against women flows naturally the coexistent evils of social, political and domestic inequality, and so long as the club of God's eternal punishment hereafter, and the goad of the Holy priesthood's disapproval in this life, can be used against women, just so long will the subjection of sex continue. Until some method of agitation, denunciation or ridicule awakens women to rebellion, little permanent reform can be accomplished. A sound beating by a brutal husband should cause a wife to think but with the assurance that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and with the vicegerents of God admonishing patience and long suffering on earth as a passport to heaven, it is not strange that women are helpless victims. Had Elizabeth Cady Stanton attacked the Christian system of religion fifty years ago as she has done in the past half dozen years, much greater progress would have been made and the political reforms for which she labored so indefatigably with voice and pen, would have followed the Christian reform as a natural and just sequence.

I am sure that all women reformers stand ready to denounce to the limit of their ability the deplorable conditions which have existed for eighteen hundred years—stand ready to continue to work in the future as they have in the past, with hand and brain, at home and abroad, in the Blue [illegible]rass Blade, the Christian papers [illegible] the independent press of the [illegible] persecutions and imprisonm[illegible] of religious and sex reformers are [illegible] recent and fresh in the memory [illegible] need repetition, and should demonstrate to us the tenacious grip which the Christian superstition has upon the throats of the human family, how its ponderous weight has dragged, and is still crushing to the earth all that is peaceable loving humane, truthful and just, and while we should continue unceasingly to brand its falsehoods, denounce its inequalities, repudiate its decrees and scorn its promises for the future, we should not forget that these are but the outgrowth of the diseased breeding system—but the excrescences forced to the surface from the deadly cancerous rottenness within, and **both women and men should direct their best energies toward eliminating the first cause of all the refined cruelties of mental and physical torture—The Christian System.**

When the methods of this demoralizing system are made inoperative then will the human race come to a realization of truth and justice, then will men and women stand together in equality and the future generations will express their best thought untrammeled the by fear of priests and gods. Then, and not until then, is permanent improvement possible.

AN EXPLANATION.

Owing to an accident to our Mergenthaler Linotype this week, we will ask our patrons to look over all typographical errors, and shortage on reading matter this week. The machine was so broken that it was necessary to send to New York for another part, which did not arrive until Wednesday morning, thus throwing us behind almost three days.

New Through Car Lines From Memphis to the Pacific Coast.

The "Rock Island System," Choctaw, Oklahoma and Gulf R. R., have established through personally conducted tourist sleeping car lines to California and Portland, Oregon.

The California car leaves Memphis every Tuesday at 9:00 a. m., Little Rock 1:15 p. m., South McAlester, I. T., 10:50 p. m. same day, Oklahoma City 2:40 a. m. Wednesday, El Reno 3:40 a. m., arriving El Paso, Tex., Thursday morning, Los Angeles Friday morning, and San Francisco Saturday morning.

The Portland, Oregon, car leaves Memphis every Thursday on the same schedule arriving Denver 7:30 Saturday morning, Ogden Sunday morning and Portland Monday mornings.

WANTED—The address of Dr. S. H. S. Shedloski, by Mrs. E. M. O. Shedloski, of Knightstown, Ind.

MY REPLY

TO DR. WILSON ON SOCIALISM.

HAS THE PRESIDENT OF THE N. L. P. "FLEW DE COOP?"

In Dr. Wilson's long article on "Party Problems," in the Blade of December 7, there is much that is true and moral, that ought to have been said, but there is some that is not true, and there is a little that is immoral.

It is the height of folly to pretend to construe Dr. Wilson's article as being anything else, primarily, than a defence of Socialism.

I am laboring under great financial depression; and though I was born and reared an aristocrat, nearly all the circumstances and facts of my life lead me to sympathize with the poor and prejudice me against the rich. Nearly all of the friends of my paper, which is the magna pars mei, are poor people, and my rich friends, counting only those "friends indeed who are friends in need," I can count on the fingers of one hand.

Yet, while, undoubtedly, Socialism is a move in favor of the poor, and against the rich, I am not a Socialist.

My enthusiastic regard—yea, admiration, yea, love, for Dr. Wilson, would restrain me from making issue with him except from a sense of duty, while policy, if I would allow that to actuate me, would probably dictate that I should acquiesce in what he has said.

The first, and probably the only, thing in what he has said that I must unqualifiedly repudiate is in the following language:

"I would not give a tinker's dam for a man who never smoked a cigar, never took a drink, never kissed but one woman, and who never voted but one ticket.

That is an immoral utterance. I said, recently, in my comment on some letter that had been written to men, about boys selling the Blade, that I wanted this paper to be such that no man, or woman, could rebuke anybody for selling it, by pointing him to any immoral sentiment in it.

Dr. Wilson's only boy, like Mr. "Dombey's," is a daughter and as girls are not liable to smoke cigars or take a drink, his suggestion has not such import to him as it has to me who have three boys and only one daughter.

I am not going to debate the propriety of the use of tobacco and liquor with Dr. Wilson. It would be a reflection upon his intelligence.

Of course I do not care a snap about a man's voting only one ticket, or voting all the tickets and I have kissed some very sweet and pretty women in the presence of my wife and might do it when she was not present, but with all the interesting denonements of osculation between the clergy and the pretty sisters of their flocks, and the scandals that fill our newspapers growing out of this, there was no demand that any great Infidel leader, as Dr. Wilson is, should issue any pronunciamento that seemed to presume there was danger of any shortage in the regular supply and demand of kissing, as there is in coal, for instance.

With my paper, then, barely able to keep the breath in its little body, I am in no shape to listen to Infidel homiletics on the duty of using tobacco and liquor.

A lot of Infidels have tried to influence me to take out of my paper the words of Ingersoll against the "Damned Stuff called Alcohol," and I can but feel that Dr. Wilson's utterance here was a sop to the liquor Cerberus, and I won't have it.

The Doctor says: "Socialism would not take any man's farm from him, but it would make him divide the common heritage which nature has stowed beneath its surface.

Dr. Wilson or any other man who lives, or ever did live, or ever will live, has no more right to make me divide with him, or with anybody else, anything that may be under the soil of my farm than he has to make me divide the trees, or horses or pigs or chickens that may be on the top of the soil of my farm, or than I have to go to Cincinnati with a gang of Kentucky Christian assassains and at the points of our six-shooters, make Dr. Wilson divide the money that he gets by sticking into the craws of rich people, at $10 a stick, with his kid gloves and silk tile on, drugs some poor naked, hungry, black devil, got by working for 5 cents a day of 15 hours, under the rays of a tropical sun, and Dr. Wilson, or any other man with half the "hoss sense" that a mule has, knows this as well as I do.

Dr. Wilson, for a little stick under my "fifth rib," suggested by the story of Ehud and Eglon in the Bible says, in talking about the spread of Socialism in other places, that "Lexington is still in the woods." He is mighty right. "Inter silvas academi quaerimus verum."

The Doctor's theology is all right, but when he comes into Dog Fennel, with his new-fangled Cincinnati politics, there will be the devil to pay and oudlins of pitch hot.

The slogan of the Socialists is that "the rich are getting ricner and the poor are getting poorer." It is not half as true in this neck of the woods as that "the rich are getting poorer, and the poor are getting richer," and I am one of the has beens that is getting poorer, while my dear neighbor, a nigger, named Charles Moore Garner, who used to belong to me, fo de war, has got a barrel of money and has a bay window on him that looks like he carried his barrel on the inside of him.

I have a neighbor named Haggin—don't know what his first name is and don't care.

Haggin was a poor Irishman. While fellows like Bob Ingersoll and Wilson and I were cussing the Christians, Haggin got tired of being poor and he went away, out West somewhere; but he didn't go on some other fellow's claim and "make him divide."

He staked off a fresh place of his own as the law allowed and he dug up $60,000,000 worth of copper and swapped the copper for gold and green backs, and got back here with the swag, and, in sight of my shack he built him just a little affair of a summer residence that cost $350,000, and not long ago he gave a little shindig at the house that cost $15,000 and sent a card over to my shack that told me about it, and any man who says that Haggin has not just as much right to all them plunks and sweet Williams, to have and to hold in fee simple, for him and his heirs and assigns for ever, and ever, Amen, as I have to the 40 cents that is all the money in God's world that I have, or seem likely to have, he has not as much right to it as Wilson has to the money with which he buys his cigars.

No, it ain't true, nor 1,000 miles of true, that "all Socialists are freethinkers," and the Doctor can't find in the whole world, a single Socialist paper that will back him in any such statement, and the December issue of Wilshire's Magazine, edited by a millionaire Socialist crank, has as rotten religion in it, and as much of it, as can be found in the last issue of the Christian Standard, the Campbellite bazoo that is blowed at Cincinnati.

Franklin, Ill.—Please put me down for Dog Fennel. I never did like the smell of it much, but it may smell better coming from God's country.

I hope you will have a nice trip. Please bring me a souvenir from the cave that Lot and his daughters took refuse in.—JAS. H. ROBERTS.

Cincinnati, O.—I see by the date on my Blade that my time is very near at hand, and as it is looked for with great delight by myself and others who call, and I do not wish to miss a single number, find $1.00 to pay for it.

Also list my name for Dog Fennel. If my health does not give out, I shall be at the Lexington Congress of the N. L. P.

Accept my very best wishes, and may you make your trip to the Bible land and may you be as determined with that firm step, where angels fear to tread, and, if by accident, you should get into a debate with some of those Gods, give it to them as you do some of these pretenders here,

H. W. HENDRICKS, M. D.

A cheap and comfortable way to travel is in the personally conducted weekly excursion tourist cars to the Pacific Coast. Through from Memphis without change via "Rock Island System," Choctaw, Oklahoma & Gulf R. R. and So. Pac. Route and Union Pacific Route.

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IS THE NUMBER OF COPIES OF SUBSCRIBED FOR TO THIS DATE. "DOG FENNEL IN THE ORIENT"

INTERESTING LETTERS FROM OUR FRIENDS.

PRESIDENT BOWLES ON THE CONGRESS.

Muncie, Ind., Nov. 30, 302.

Dear Brother Hughes:-

Enclosed you will find $1.00 for which please send The Blade to my friend Elijah Ward for one year. I am expecting a very large attendance at our Congress in January, and I hope that I may not be disappointed; I want to shake hands with 1,000 Freethinkers on that occasion.

Yours Fraternally and always,
T. J. BOWLES.

BIBLE GEOGRAPHY.

Martinsville, Ills., Nov. 28, '02.

Mr. Moore:-

Dear Sir:—Does the Bible teach that the world is flat and has four corners? If so please put it in your paper, and tell where the passages of Scripture can be found, and much oblige. V. O. SWALLUM.

Answer.—Yes; the Bible teaches that the world is flat, has four corners, and is set up on pillars. The first passage is Genesis 1, 7. Then there are all of those passages that speak of going "up" to heaven and "down" to hell.

The 'four corners of the earth" are spoken of in Isaiah 11, 12, and Revelations 7, 1.

In the Old Testament the words "the ends of the earth" occurs 22 times, in the New Testament 2 times; Acts 13, 47 and Romans 10, 18.

The "pillars of the earth" are mentioned in 1 Sam., 2, 8, and Job 9, 6, and 26, 11.

That the world stands still and does not move is found in 1 Chronicles 16, 30 and Psalms 93, 1 and 96, 10.

J. C. AND CASTORIA.

Oakland, Ills., Nov. 28, '02.

Mr. Charles C. Moore:-

Dear Friend: — Enclosed 20 cents for two of Kidder's "Sacrament."

If J. C. had married he would have been more up to date, like me. I have a baby boy, about a month old, and he makes me walk the floor at night, if I don't give him Castoria. I think J. C. ought to have made that water into Castoria that he made into wine. It would have been some help to me and others and he could have gotten a patent on it, and people would have loved him more.

Yours as ever,
F. J. CARR.

Answer—You have a "J. C." in your name. Name that boy for me.

If Jesus Christ had invented something that would keep babies from having the colic, it would have been worth more than the religion he invented.

Read Mrs. Stanton's "Eighty Years and More," and learn how to nurse babies.

MAN-NOT-AFRAID-OF-HIS-WIFE

Garrison, Kan., Nov. 28, 302.

Dear old Bro. Moore:-

I have taken your paper eight months, and think more of it every time I read it. I was raised a Congregationalist, or Swedish missionary, and the biggest rascal I ever saw was a Methodist preacher who sold me a horse blind as a bat for a sound horse.

Just had a Methodist revival here and they didn't revive anybody but some kids.

One Methodist brother told me that Robert G. Ingersoll had said on his death bed that he wished he could burn all his writings. I said to him: "I suppose you orthodox devils will claim Mrs. Stanton, too, and Mrs. Henry, of Versailles, Ky., when she dies."

I am not afraid of my wife a bit—am a bachelor.

Put me down for Dog Fennel. I will whack up all O. K. when you call on me.

I will soon join the N. L. P. and will get you some subscribers for the B. G. B.

Yours truly,
WILLIAM WALSTROM.

Answer — Yes; and you are the only kind of a man that ain't afraid of his wife—I've been there.

Ingersoll didn't have any death-bed —died sitting in a chair; another Christian lie nailed.

AFRAID OF THE CHRISTIANS.

Tyrone, Ia., Nov. 27, '02.

Mr. C. C. Moore:-

Dear Sir:—Enclosed find $1.00 for another year. I am an old subscriber. Put me down for one Dog Fennel.

Althought I live in Iowa and take two country papers, I learned nothing about Dr. Hammer until I saw his case in the Blade.

Being conservative I came to no conclusion until six weeks ago, when a lady from Colfax, 15 miles from Newton, came here on a visit.

She saw the petition in the Blade. She knew Dr. Hammer well, and said "He is a gentleman."

She was 4 years old when her parents moved to a farm 3 miles from Newton, where she was raised. She begged me to get signers for the petition.

I could get quite a number if I were able to get around, but I am old and often sick.

I asked her about the church people at Newton. She said: "Oh, yes, they (the Methodists or Baptists, I don't remember which) are very strong and selfish. My Sister, Mrs. —— is one of the big muck-a-mucks, and any one who differs from them, is ostracised."

I will give you that lady's address and my own, but you must not put either in your paper.

Yours truly,
—. —. ————.

RECKON I HAVE SAID SOMETHING WRONG

Victoria, Texas, Nov. 23,1902.

Brothers Moore and Hughes:

I notice that you take the liberty to put my note to you of Nov. 1st in cold type, (and I am not a writer for such), and under the heading, "Hard Questions—big scheme," two things I am entirely innocent of, and, in another column, show very clearly that enough like me would bankrupt the paper, and very soon, at that, when my intention was to do you a favor instead, but now I see I did not know much about it, but supposed you did and was looking out for the financial part of it.

I now confess my error and promise not to do so any more.

A friend of mine handed me a copy of the Blade and I noticed your offer for a club of five and I got three subscriptions at 50 cents each and took my own dollar and sent five names, paying for my own and one for a friend, and sent one dollar for the Magazine.

Some others had spoken to me to get up anohter club, but only one has given me the money to send, and I will send that and pay for the send-but you need not send me any more and they may send you the dollar.

The book "Behind the Bars" has miscarried as I can't hear from it, but you need not send me any another, as you can't afford it, and I am very poor and don't feel able to send any more money for the book now, but when you get "Dog Fennel" if I am alive, I will dig up another dollar then.

You may publish this if you like. I wish well to all Liberal papers, but yours is the only one that I take now, but will not write you any more, but will take a back seat and be good. Send paper for enclosed money order.

Yours truly,
O. C. EMBRY.

Answer—I don't know what to say because I don't recollect about it. Reckon I had a crazy fit on me.

MAKE MY LAST DAYS HAPPY.

Eslef, Minn., Nov. 26, 1902.

Messrs. Hughes and Moore:-

Put me down for Blade Magazine. You say in the Blade of Nov. 23rd that 3,000 subscriptions will pay for the Lino. It seems to me that were the Liberals of the country worthy of the name they should come forward with their subscriptions even beyond that number.

I believe that you have a subscription list of between 5,000 and 10,000. It seems that 3,000 of these could afford to subscribe when you offer them a magazine for a year for $1, some single copies of which, I believe would be worth that.

Beside this would be such an easy way to pay for the Lino, and put Mr. Hughes in the way of a good living, and, as for Mr. Moore, wouldn't it be a fine thing to make the last days of his life happy, so that he could feel his life's work well done?

If the readers of the Blade belonged to a church, as, no doubt, a large per cent of them would, if it had not been for the Blade, they would be ashamed to come and offer a preacher one "lousy little dollar"—they would drop in a five of ten. But they seem to be slow about coming forward with a dollar for the Blade, even when they are sure of getting value received.

They know you have never yet misrepresented anything to them.

Hoping that the Magazine will soon appear with a subscription list of 3,000, I remain, Yours as ever,
HANS F. HANSEN.

WANTS "RATIONAL VIEW."

Mampa, Idaho., Nov. 25, 02.

Editor C. C. Moore:-

Put my name down for Dog Fennel. I want you to make that trip that you started so long ago. You, with your later experience, can write a better book now than you could have done then.

What became of your book, "The Rational View?" I want a copy; get me one somewhere. Reprint Mrs. Henry's "Another Oriental Order." Mrs. Henry and Mrs. Closz have just written the best pieces they have ever written, Mrs. H. "Kentucky's Young Executive" and Mrs. C. "Another Virgin."

I wish you all kinds of pleasure on your trip.

Yours respectfully,
W. A. PETERSON.

Answer. — All of "The Rational View" has been sold, except eight copies that I am saving for emergency and for which I cannot take less than $10 each.

A LIAR ON LIES—A GOLIAH

Kara, Ga., Nov. 27, '02.

Bro. C. C. Moore:-

You have been sending me your old B. G. B. all this year for 50 cents and 4 other cusses at the same price. But lies are cheap and you are an ex-sky-pilot and can afford it. You are wanting us fools to chip in and raise $1,000 to send you to the Orient; so set me down for a Dog Fennel, by the ex-sky-pilot of Dog Fennel precinct.

A good lie is worth $1.00, so let us know when you have it made up and I will send you the cash, but don't sell any body the rock that David killed Goliah with, or we will ketch you out again, like we did about Methuselah, for I've got that rock myself—found it when a boy on Lightwood Knot creek, in old Georgia, 10 feet from a dead man, that hal no head, cause I reckon some David cut it off and carried it away.

But I can prove that Methuselah died before the flood, and you and Mrs. Henry either read your Bibles more, or tell the truth when you do read them.

Yours,
W. A. CARTER.

Answer.—Goliah was the only liah that ever lived who was a bigger liah than you and Zachary.

J. C. NOT BORN ON HIS OWN BIRTHDAY.

Deerwood, Minn., Nov. 27, '02.

Editor B. G. Blade:-

I see you have several pieces about Methuselah. Last May I began to read the Bible. For my own satisfaction I compiled a chronological table, but it does not exactly agree with the Bible. * * * A thing I thought rather strange was Matthew, 2d Chapter, that tells of the birth of Christ, gives the date as 4 B. C.

MRS. EVA BLACKMER.

Answer—But you see that J. C. was born miraculously, and didn't have to be born on his birthday, like other people. He could just be born any old time that suited him.

Yes; I have had letters galore about old Methuselah. I am glad the old rascal was drowned—would have been living yet if the flood hadn't got him. You never said a word about "Dog Fennel."

AGIN SACRAMENTAL BOOZE.

Florence, Mont., Nov. 25, 1902.

C. C. Moore:-

Editor B. G. B.:—I was converted years ago, but I find, from reading the Bible that it is the worst book for false statements and mistakes I ever read.

As to what I am, I call myself nothing. I am bound to no morbid habit and don't intend to sip out of a cup to save a soul that church members pickle in red rum and white wine.

Very respectfully,
JAS. H. GILES.

BLADE. DOG FENNEL, ET AL.

Norwalk, Conn., Nov. 15, 302.

Bro. Moore:-

Enclosed $1.00 to continue the invincible cutting Blade, another year.

Put me down for one "Dog Spice in the Orient." I am sure it will be a spicy volume. Hope you will knock out some of the so-called Christian religion, that originated in that most benighted land under the sun.

May the day soon come when priests and preachers will have to make their livings by the sweat of their brows, and cease being parasites on the body, social and political of our great country.

By the individual help of every member of the N. L. P. and the A. S. U., this may be accomplished and the 975,000,000 of church property be taxed for the general good.

Yours,
A. B. BENNETT.

DON'T STOP MY BLADE.

Ashland, Ore., Nov. 25, 1902.

Brothers Moore and Hughes:

Dear Sirs—Don't stop my Blade, for I shall take it as long as I can read and raise the price.

Count on me for a bunch of "Dog Fennel." You are doing a grand work, and, as long as I can I will contribute to you and others in the cause of truth and justice.

Fraternally,
WILLIAM RICHARDS.

WANTS HARP STRINGS.

Wanchula, Fla., Nov. 22, '02.

Bro. C. C. Moore:-

Dear Sir:—Put me down for one "Dog Fennel in the Orient." When ready I have the money for it. So many request relics of various religious characters from Palestine, that it seems presumptious to ask more. Still I want you to survey and locate accurately the field in which Judas fell down and lost his insides. I hope you success in your trip and other undertakings. Yours for man,
G. W. HARP.

Nat. Mil. Home, O., Dec. 1, '02.

Editor B. G. B.:-

Ministers are always very ready to criticise any little discrepancy they find in Liberal publications, like the one in the Blade of November 30, when Mr. J. G. Orsburn, undertakes to show up his Biblical account of the age of Methuselah.

I would advise Mr. Orsburn not to be so fast; he is fighting his own craft in disguise. Let him establish the fact that there ever was any such man as Methuselah or that any man ever lived to be 969 years old. All he can find is a very second-hand statement from the Bible that one nearly as good is nothing at all.

In the time of Jesus scarcely any two of the Bible writers will agree on anything they say about Jesus—his parentage, birth, teachings, crucifixion, age or resurrection.

The Bible writers contradict each other, right along, or if they don't do that Jesus contradicts them.

Let Mr. Orsburn first tell us, without any dispute, who was the father of Jesus, then tell us his age at the time of his crucifixion, and why it was that he never came back again, as he promised his disciples he would do, in the life time of some then living, and by the time he does that he will be better prepared to criticise such Liberal writers as C. C. Moore and Mrs. Henry.

Yours for Bible criticism,
JOEL M. BERRY.

About Premiums.

Redmon, Ill., Nov. 30, '02.

Editor B. G. Blade:-

Dear Sir:—I sent you a sort time ago, $2.50 with 4 names, and added one the other day. I now send you $1.00 and will send another name soon. Am I entitled to "Physician in the House"?

I said I would take two "Dog Fennels—make it 5 if they come at $1.00 a copy.

M. ROWE.

Answer:—You are entitled to "Physician in the House," or "Behind the Bars," as you may select.

If you take as many as 5 Dog Fennels you can get them for 80 cents each.

Women in Heaven.

Ypsilanti, Mich., Nov. 30, '02.

Editor B. G. B.:-

I notice a statement in the last issue of the Blade, that there is no record of any women ever reaching heaven. If you will turn to the 12th chapter of Revelations you will learn of your mistake. You will also remember that J. Christ told the Pharisees that the Publicans and the Harlots would go into the Kingdom of Heaven before them. So you see there will be quite a representation of women in heaven after all.

True they may not be allowed to stay there as they keep a great red dagger to run them out.

Put me down for one "Fennel" without the "Dog." I am glad you are going to the Holy Land — hope you will be able to secure a piece of the scaffold, that Judas hanged himself on, also a pattern of the skirt of the renowned Boaz which the lovely Ruth coveted, also a recipe for making the yeast cakes that would make five barley loaves feed 5,000 hungry men and have more left than in the beginning. With respect, yours truly,

JAMES P. DICKERSON.

Remembers the Blade.

La Rue, O., Dec. 2, '02.

Dear you Pen Rascal:-

I gave the money for renewal to Ben. Fink, of Kenton. He is getting up a club. I was 71 the 17th of November last, in fairly good health. I made a will lately. After giving liberally to my children and my good wife, I gave a certain amout to each of the three papers, the Blade, the Investigator and Green's Magazine, of Chicago.

By law I have to live a year after gifts outside of my family to make the same good. Please pray for me that I may live a few days over the said year.

Wife and I will, if in health, be at the Lexington Congress.

A seeker after truth and a friend of Washington.

CAPTAIN IRA WILLIAMS.

Answer:—Yes, I hope you will live the year and then don't be in any hurry about dying just to accomodate me. I liked Washington well enough until he tried to lie out of that cherry tree business.

Be sure to come with your good wife to the Lexington Congress, and let us talk it all over.

"Over There, Over There."

Howard, Kan., Dec. 1, '02.

Charles C. Moore:-

Dear Brother:—I see you are going to the Promised Land, to tell us about Dog Fennel "over there, over there." Well put me down for three, but I don't like the name; it's a stinking name.

Yours,
W. W. HENSLEY.

"Dog Fennel" gittin Up to North Pole.

Woedsky, Alaska, Nov. 18, '302.

Charles C. Moore:-

Dear Friend and Brother: — I am highly pleased that you are anticipating a trip to the Holy Land, in view of writing "Dog Fennel." I hope the trip and book will be a success beyond your most sanguine expectations.

In fact I know you will succeed. You always succeeded except when you preached the gospel, and you were honest to take to raising taters, ingun and yaller-legged chickens for your family and for others.

I have come here to find gold, but so far, I have got but little and lots of hard work.

Please put me down for three Dog Fennels, at $3.00 total.

With kind regards to all your family, and hopes for a pleasant voyage to the Orient, and a safe return,

I remain your friend,
R. W. SIMPSON.

Gittin' Fat on Blades.

Fort Worth, Tex., Dec. 1, '02.

Blue Grass Blade:-

Dear Sirs:—Your valuable favor of November 1st to hand and contents noted. Enclosed please find $1.00 as my board bill for eating and digesting Blue Grass Blades for one year. I will state that I am an old boarder, and I want to say here that since the first day I began eating and digesting Blue Grass Blades, I have gained in strength physically and am much stouter, and mentally I am much healthier, and my finite mind has soared far above the mountains of doubt and seas of superstition until today I stand alone on my own individuality, believing in science, truth and reason, endeavoring to live by the golden rule, letting the world to me be my country and to do good my religion.

So with best wishes for the success of the B. G. B. and hoping that it will live until it will traverse the globe and every inhabitant becomes a reader and that the name of Charles C. Moore, its worthy editor, with Paine, Ingersoll, Voltaire, Herbert Spencer, Sir Isaac Newton and the immortal Thomas Jefferson, and Dr. Wilson and Mrs. Josephine K. Henry will go down in the annals of history as the greatest thinkers and beacon lights that have shone to the world in the struggle for existence, from chaos, with its infinite travel to perfection.

Yours out of Christ,
J. D. DAVIS.

THE BLADE WILL CUT AMONG THE MORMONS.

Logan, Utah, Nov. 25, '02.

C. C. Moore:-

Enclosed 60 cents—50 cents for 6 months more of Blade, and 10 cents for "Bible in a Nutshell," for missionary work. You watch my smoke —you will have a hundred subscribers here in a year. I will blow hot air, nearly all winter in the Saints' ears. I am doing some good with Kidder's "Virgin Mary," "Methodism," and "Sacrament." But they are most too strong for the first dose; they don't digest easy.

I see little difference between Doukhobors and Mormons. One goes in search of Christ, and the others expect him to come to some of our temples here. I hope he will come to Logan. I do want to see him so much. We expect the whole family to come to Utah—father, mother and son.

Put me down for one of the "Dog Fennel" books you intend to write, but never will.

God will give you the cholera as soon as you put your foot on holy ground if you don't take off your big shoes.

Yours truly,
GEORGE J. WHEELER.

Answer.—I don't wear big shoes—I have beautiful little tootsy-wootsies.

SWEET WILLIAMS FOR DOG FENNEL

Don't Send Them Until I Notify You That the Book is Ready

Junction City, Kans., Nov. 24, 02.

Charles C. Moore:

I enclose draft for five dollars, four copies Dog Fennel, one copy for myself and hope to find customers for three of the copies. The extra dollar is for the Blade Magazine for myself. Cash in hand is better than promises to pay some time in the future.

I sent you five subscribers for the Blade last spring and hope to make it ten this spring, as I lend out my copy as soon as I read it and think it will bring more subscribers.

Please acknowledge receipt of the draft and accept best wishes for the success of all your ventures.

Fraternally yours,
C. S. GOVE.

Answer—My dear Brother, you are very kind, but **I do not want any body to send me any money for "Dog Fennel" until I notify you all, through the Blade that the book is ready.**

I may not get enough subscribers, and something might happen—I might die for instance; I will be 65 on December 20—and I might never write the book. I have fine health and think the chances are in my favor, but it will be time enough to pay me when the book is ready.

Jesus Christ and I came mighty near having the same birthday.

ABOUT "CRIMSON-WHITE."

Tuscaloosa, Ala., Nov. 25, 1903.

Mr. Charles C. Moore:

Dear Sir and Friend—I was a little surprised to see, in the Blade of Nov. 23rd, a letter from one Frank M. Lette, of the University of Alabama, supposed to be a State school, blaming you for having sent him one of the most moral papers now published.

I feel that I owe you an apology for it as it was I who sent the paper to him and I am real sorry that he should have taken it upon himself to abuse the paper and its editor. But that seems to be the idea of those who believe in vicarious atonement—jump on the wrong fellow and punish him for the guilty one. I do not believe it deserved notice, and am surprised that you should condescend to notice him. He, like Ephraim, is "joined to his idols," and I 'spect if you would tap him on the forehead you would hear an echo.

The University of Alabama publishes a college paper, "The Crimson White." I do not know how they got the name, unless it means being washed in the Crimson blood of J. C. until one becomes as White as snow. They are nearly all "followers of the lamb."

They have a Woman's Christian Union at the Annex, the department for girls, and I think they have a Y. M. C. A. at the college also. So you see they are hell-bent on keeping out of hell. But Peek, the poet, has assured us that:

"Hell is getting cold and chilly,
Preachers' talk is only gas;
Bible tales are counted silly;
Jonah's whale and Balaam's ass."

Find five cents for five Blades of this week's issue. Put me down for "Dog Fennel in the Orient." If possible I will be at the Lexington Congress.

Yours fraternally,
N. T. HARRIS.

FROM A METHODIST.

Carlisle, Ky., Nov. 25, '02.

Editor Blade:-

Gentlemen:—Please send Blade to W. H. Cottingham, Cowan, Ky., and find enclosed amount. Put me down for one Dog Fennel.

Respectfully,
R. C. KING.

WILL SEND A V.

Olympia, Wash., Nov. 25, '02.

Blue Grass Blade:-

Please wait a few days—say about Christmas, and you shall have a V for paper and books. I could not exist any longer without the Blade.

M. E. OADES.

THE FINEST OLD SAWBONES

In the State of New York, Except His Wife—The Bosom Friend Of Col. Ingersoll.

Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 29, 302.

My Dear Moore:-

Dont try to Hurt Walter. He is probably "a Hinglishman," about the only class of people who spell Ax with an e.

I axed Webster about it and he said, "The e is superfluous and is now dropped and, in America, Ax is a very common spelling, though, in England, Axe is still used almost exclusively."

If I am well enough to travel, I want to leave here for California about February 1st., and if I go via the Southern Pacific R. R., and can get away earlier I will be with you, at the next Congress of the N. L. P. at Lexington.

Please put me down for one Oriental "Dog." No doubt the "Fennel" will be edifying, amusing and I hope it will get 5,000 orders.

I have just finished "Behind the Bars; 31498," the second time and I was more than amused, amazed and not a little enthused.

It is certainly a book that every freethinker should read.

Fraternally yours,
S. W. WETMORE.

Comment.—This is the grandest old man in New York, and he has got a wife that fits him, just as the two sides of a pretty sea shell fit each other.

He is probably the most intimate living friend of Ingersoll.

I want him and his wife to be just as sure as death and taxes to be at Lexington. I don't want him to make a speech. He's too big a man for any such monkey doings, but I want him to sit in a big easy chair on that platform and talk to us about Ingersoll, just as soon as his wife gets through a talk on the great dead man, if indead, Ingersoll is any deader now than he was ten years ago.

As to spelling ax, I spell it ax, exclusively.

The English don't know anything about the American language. When they go to spell jail they spell it gaol, and would have to "go foot" in any country school in Dog Fennel.

If there is any word in the world that I do know how to spell it's jail, and what I don't know about jails ain't worth knowing.

SUGGESTVE PICTURES.

This cartoon appears in the Ram's Horn. A wise man sitting in a library surrounded on all sides by books of natural science history mythology, etc. A prophet with flowing robes and beard enters holding aloft and pointing to an open book inscribed "Holy Bible," and this conversation ensues:

Prophet—Why so many books?

Wise Man—I am searching for the truth.

Prophet—This book is enough.

This kind of mental pabulum is being furnished to millions of our fellows and yet we are told that we are fighting a man of straw and advised to stop attacking Jehovah. How many more centuries must we study the Holy Bible before we find the truths of the universe? The question should be asked of every Christian.

HARRIET M. CLOSZ.

CALL FOR SECOND ANNUAL CONGRESS OF NATIONAL LIBERAL PARTY

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To the Freethinkers of the United States:-

You are hereby earnestly requested to attend the annual congress of the National Liberal Party, in Lexington, Kentucky, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, January 23, 24, 25, 1903 (303).

The emancipation of the human mind from the bondage of theological superstition has made wonderful progress since the days of the immortal Bruno; but in spite of the culture of modern times, there is still danger that the black flag of Theocracy may float in triumph over the capitol at Wasington, and enshroud the Republic of Paine and Jefferson in the darkness of the Middle Ages.

At the close of the 18th Century it dawned upon the minds of these great thinkers that all men are created equal and this priceless conception made the 19th Century the more marvelous and the happiest period in the history of the world.

Previous to this century of American Freedom the entire earth was filled with cruelty and barbarism and all mankind were under the galling yoke of kingly tyranny and priestly despotism. The very few of the world's inhabitants who could read and write had no illumination but the light of a candle, and the work of the world was done by the muscles of man and beast. The human brain in this universal atmosphere of kingly and priestly slavery could know nothing of the laws of Nature and the chemical and physical properties of matter, nor of any of the processes of the world around them; and war, misery, pestilence, ignorance and famine were the common heritage of the human family.

This awful gloom that hung over the world like a funeral pall was dispelled by the Paines, the Jeffersons, the Franklins, and their comrades. Their successful revolt against the kings, priests, tyrants of the earth, gave to the world a hundred years of hope, progress and unprecedented happiness.

To preserve the priceless fruits of their labors, and transmit them to those who are to come when we are gone, is the purpose of our organization. It can only be done by the combined and co-operated work of the lovers of liberty in America, and we confidently appeal to each and TO ALL OF YOU in this great movement.

Unlike the 19th Century the 20th has dawned upon us with the spirit of kingcraft and priestcraft re-incarnated, and unless the soldiers of freedom rally like our fathers did to resist the power of kings, and priests, the freedom of the 19th Century will be forever lost, the Republic overthrown and the hopes of humanity blasted.

In view of this appalling contemplation we confidently appeal to you to come by hundreds to this annual conference and make it a memorable event in the history of our distracted country. It is a trite but truthful saying that "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Never before in the history of the world was there a more imperative demand for vigilance than now because it is an open secret that a tripartite agreement now exists among the political potentates of the earth, the priests of Mammon and the priests of Jehovah to extinguish the torch of liberty and remand all the peoples of the earth back to a state of serfdom and vassalage.

We, therefore, urge you to come. Besides the election of officers for the ensuing year, other business of far reaching significance and importance will come before the Convention.

T. J. BOWLES, President.
J. B. WILSON, Vice President.
JOSEPHINE K. HENRY, 1st V. P.
HARRIET M. CLOSZ, 2d V. P.
MORGAN WAMSLEY, Treas.
W. F. JAMIESON, Secretary.

CLERGYMAN TELLS THE TRUTH.

By HARRIET M. CLOSZ.

Listen to this arraignment of the members of churches by a Chicago minister, Rev. Frederick W. Miller:

"We cannot help feeling that in comparison with what it ought to be the church is an utter failure. We build magnificent churches and pay liberally toward their support, but what have we been doing for the great struggling mass of sorrowing humanity at the very doors of our churches?

"We have left the work of rescuing the fallen to the Salvation Army, redeeming the drunkard and closing the saloons to the temperance Union and the care of the poor to the Associated Charities. We have turned a deaf ear to the 19,000 children who toil in the factories from early morn till late at night and if anything is done to rescue them from this modern slavery it will be because of the efforts of the Women's Clubs and of the newspapers and not of the churches."

Here is a man who has dared to tell the truth and may lose his pulpit in consequence. Nearly every memmer of the ministerial fraternity is in the position of the D. D. of well known liberal views in private though his expressions in the pulpit were orthodox who, when asked for an explanation of his conduct, said :"There are just seven reasons why I remain in the church and continue to misrepresent conditions—they are: myself, my wife, and five children." I admit that these reasons are strong ones. The old saying that poverty will make a dog gentle, applies also to men in many instances. The bread and butter argument cannot be ignored. I can understand the state of mind of the minister who cannot renounce a position of affluence and respectability for one of poverty and aversion, but I cannot conceive how the poverty stricken, wretched victims of our Christian system can reverently bow to its decrees and submit to insult and injustice by the representatives of God who have made these wrongs possible.

Now, since this Chicago Divine seems to have overcome the argument of physical preservation and declared that the work of the church has failed to relieve the distress of the people he should step out still further into the light of Rationalism and fearlessly declare what is already well known, though not proclaimed from the pulpit, that church is failing to relieve the distress of humanity because Christian teaching has, from its inception, fostered and perpetuated ignorance and poverty and fear of the future instead of applying the beneficient elements of nature toward hapiness and liberty and equality in the present life. Later day Christians proclaim "peace on earth," while engaged in wars of conquest and extermination. They devoutly declare that "God has made of one blood all nations of men," while they of yellow skin are excluded from Christian civilization and the black man is roasted alive as a pastime. They deplore criminality, while the penitentiaries are overflowing with Christian convicts. They profess to advocate equality of the sexes, while women are refused a voice in church councils, in legislatures and pious homes. They decry the brutality of capital punishment while devout husbands and lovers murder wives and sweethearts by the thousands. They inveigh against sexual vices, while adherents of the church are inordinately disposed to physical gratification. They thunder against the appropriation of property not our own, while the chests of the church are bursting with ill gotten wealth. They tell us to "prove all things while belief on the Lord Jesus Christ is the only road to salvation. They prate of a merciful heavenly father while consigning the doubtor to eternal torment. How can the church, acting in direct opposition to its few good tenets ever hope to better the condition of "the struggling mass of sorrowing humanity."

This Chicago Clergyman knows that improvement is impossible and he also knows that the present distress and demorilization and degeneracy would be unknown among us had not the blighting touch of the Christian priesthood made such conditions a reality. While hoary traditions and aged superstitions rule christendom "the mass of sorrowing humanity at the very doors of the churches" will plead for the relief in vain. They will ask for bread and be given a stone.

THAT $25,000,000 CHURCH.

The article which recently appeared in the Blade about the $20,000,000 Catholic Church also appeared in the Chicago Record-Herald about the same time. A couple of days later I received the "Iowa Catholic Messenger"—and "Northwestern Catholic," bearing the subhead: "Who are faithful to the church will guard the state." Pinned to this paper was my article clipped from the Record-Herald and in the issue was a marked article denying flatly that any such building was proposed and disclaiming any knowledge of the origin of the story. A few more days passed and the press of the country published further designs in detail and gave a picture of the structure by the architect and raised the price to $25,000,000. Now does this Catholic organ falsify or have the news gatherers dared to spring this gigantic scheme just for fun? The latter is not probable.

CATHOLIC CONTRIBUTIONS.

The other night in Chicago a member of the Society of Jesus lectured. Thousands of people attended and the net amount collected was $10,000 to be used for the benefit of the teaching orders of the United States. To this sum was added a contribution of W. Bourke Cochran, of New York. The speaker—The Very Reverend William O'Brien Pardow, S. J., made an earnest plea for national aid to the Catholic schools says the report in the Chicago press. And the speaker declared that Catholics were paying into the Treasury of the United States, $25,000,000 annually more than their rightful taxes. Of course he did not state the amount of the exemption of taxes they were allowed on church property. Here is a chance for the vigilence of the N. L. P. for this money will doubtless be used to lobby a measure through Congress for national aid to Cathonc schools. We have not disposed of the Indian School steals until we are asked for more funds and a move should be made to turn aside a destructive stream.

METHUSELAH'S HELP NEEDED.

It is not the way of the Infidel to kick dead lions or dead giants, now to attack aged persons with any desire to injure them personally, so we conclude that Methuselah having had a serious time if he lived 969 years ought to rest in peace, and if he was not in the ark during the period which he is unaccounted for, he ought to have been, as his assistance must have been needed badly. We remember that as there were only eight persons to perform all the manual labor for the occupants of this lifeboat the tasks must have exceeded the labors of Hercules in cleansing the Augean Stables. When we reflect that Noah and his family attended to the needs of nearly 4,000 beasts, over 1,300 reptiles, 175,000 birds and 2,000,000 insects in the cramped quarters of 552 feet by 91 feet 8 inches, by 55 feet, divided into 3 stories and the whole having but one window 22 inches square, we conclude that Noah must have tasted God's curse that "In the sweat of thy face shall ye eat bread," but we have never heard that Noah had any trouble about the servant girl problem, though we do not wonder that the poor overworked man sought to drown his troubles by getting drunk. So if God permitted Methuselah to wade around on Mount Ararat and dawdle away his time fishing during that freshet, while Noah's family was caring for his 3 ring circus, we are bound to decide that this remnant of the people were started in life on an unequal footing and that old Methuselah in repudiating honest toil has corrupted the human race. We should let him rest but attack the laziness of his followers.

This letter by "Yours Truly" recently appeared in the Chicago Chronicle in reply to a special correspondent, who agreed with a Chicago Clergyman, who said that "women who leave their homes to gad about to various clubs are daughters of the devil."

Shorn of introductory remarks the letter follows:

Such undignified expressions as the above from the pulpit are not calculated to induce women to desert the club and hie themselves to the sanctuary to listen to these insulting epithets from Doctors of Divinity. It is just possible that the congregation and salary of this minister were being diminished by the cessation of women's work—not because of "gadding" to clubs, but because of the inability of his reverence to say the things necessary to the guidance and uplifting of his female constituency.

All that can be said about neglect of the home for club responsibilities applies exactly the same way to neglect of tne home in performing church work. The life of the occasional club woman is far less strenuous than that of the masses of church women. When we contemplate the stupendous work of women in attending Sunday sermons, high and low masses, prayer meetings, Sunday School classes, sessions of leagues and endeavorers and Kings daughters and aid societies, Bible study schools and choir practice, the ever recurring protracted meetings and holiness conventions, picnics, excursions and camp meetings, the fairs and bazaars with refreshment attachments, the holiday, saints days, and childrens' exercises, caurch lecture courses, theatrical and charity balls, soliciting and collecting the minister's salary and the donations and receptions for his benefit, together with the hundred and one other catch penny schemes—I say when we contemplate these well night unthinkable tasks the life of the average club woman recedes into placid serenity and restfulness.

But after all this work has been done by women, who foolishly believe they are doing God's will, are they permitted to assist in making the church laws which govern them? Oh, no! The Bishops and priests and preachers attend to that. Club women at least may say their say (even though they may all talk at once) about their government and business methods. Women are called "daughters of the devil" when they "gad to clubs," but no one raises a voice against "gadding" to church and supporting the pastor, even though the home be neglected.

It may be possible that reform is necessary in club methods, but I am certain that revolutionary methods are necessary in church work for women.

(The following, referring to the same article which ridiculed the methods of executive club sessions, and the disregard for system, appeared under nom de plume.)

The account of how women entertain each other at a business meeting was very diverting, but instead of the pleasant gossipy tone of women I think I hear a different note among the men members of town councils, of church conventions, of secret societies, of law courts, of State legislatures, of Congress and even of the great and august parliment of England whence an echo of the recent battles and suspensions of members is still in our ears.

The moderator of the last English church congress was frequently called upon to discipline unruly members, and a report of our own Methodist conference held in your city makes the same statement. The judges of our courts often commit lawyers for contempt, and all around "mix-ups" may be witnessed at nearly any session of city Aldermen.

The ladies may disregard the rules and pursue a conversation during a business session, but that does not necessitate the abolition of clubs or militate against their possible future improvement. If absolute obedience to regulations were required there would be a great exodus from men's public meetings and there would be no other members to occupy the vacant seats.

Men have run the business of Christendom for 1800 years. Women's general entrance into clubs has been within the past 30 years. By the time they have worked beside men the same number of centuries they have been kept in the background, the jokes now made about their management of clubs will adorn literature only as Mother Goose fables.

HARRIET M. CLOSZ.

Contributors to Liberal papers should join the Press Writers Association and register an unorthodox protest to every Christian assumption which appears in the great dailies of the country. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." H. C.

CONDENSED

Essex, Mich.—Put me down for the Blade Magazine.—F. S. CHURCH.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Please tell Uncle Charlie to put me down for "Dog Fennel"—H. L. PEAK.

Victoria, Texas — Change my address on Blade. * * * Don't want to miss a single issue. Put me down for "Dog Fennel in the Orient."—J. B. HARDY.

Maysville, Ky.—Put me down for 2 "Dog Fennels."—LOUIS ROSER.

Karkley, Kansas.—Please send the following * * Also put down Peter Hanna, of Courtland, Kansas, for one Dog Fennel and me for one Dog Fennel.—LOUIS HALL.

Cincinnati, Ohio—Put me down for "Dog Fennel in the Orient." Hope you will have a good time. — MAX HAUGEL.

—o—

Des Moines, Iowa—I send you $2.50 for five new subscribers and I hope they will appreciate the Blade as highly as I do. Set me down for one Dog Fennel. Will send price when you demand.—JEFFERSON STONER

—oo—

Proctor, Mo.—Put me down for one "Dog Fennel." Bring me a dry bone from the Valley of Jehosaphat, some water from the pool of Siloam, and a map of the field Judas fell down on when he killed himself, and I want an abstract from the Probate Court that settled up the business of Judas. I want to buy that field.—H. T. TALBOTT.

—xx—

Chicago, Ills.—Enclosed find $2.00. One for renewal, and the other for "Dog Fennel," or Dr. Wilson's poems. Would like both books, but owing to the stringency in the money market must be satisfied with one. Doctor's bills have had such a grip on me that I am almost bankrupt. Success to the Blade and its able writers.—R. F. BERGH.

Henessey, Okla.—I am still reading the Blade with interest. Let her cut. Put me down for one of your "Infernal Fennels"—that is what the Christians will call them when you get them on tap. I was going to ask you to procure me a tooth from the jawbone of Balaam's donkey, but have, upon more mature thought given up the idea because the world is full of talking asses, hence the tooth would be no curiosity. I will get you up another club for the Blade. I have gotten up three and they are doing missionary work. I wish you a safe journey. Yours for the right, especially woman's rights.—J. P. REDMON.

—oo—

Hardyville, Ky.—Put me down for one copy of "Dog Fennel" and the Blade Magazine, Dr. Wilson's poems and a seat in the next Congress of the N. L. P. at Lexington. I would also like to join the "Pilgrimage to Quakeracre," destined in the future to be one of the attractions of Lexington, because it was the home of the man of whom Mrs. Henry once said: "He is the greatest in all the South," and of whom Col. George W. Bain once said: "He is as pure as the purest woman in America," and who, almost alone, with his life and freedom in danger, has bravely and fearlessly marched right into the citadel of wrong, injustice and popular superstition, and has never flinched nor backed an inch. He has blessed humanity, by liberating, with his little Blade, more mental slaves than Lincoln set free by his emancipation. Allow me to congratulate you on the Blade. It gets better with age. The trinity, Wilson, Closz and Henry can't be beat. Enclosed find 25 cents for which send a copy of the Blade to each of the 25 names.—JESSE RUSSELL.

—o—

Fairmont Springs, Kootenay, B. C. Canada—This is a damp Sunday. I send you one dollar for the Blade before my subscription expires. When I think of the cruelties practiced by the Christians, and the absurdities of the Bible, I sit and wonder how any one can believe or practice it. It is revolting to common sense, reason, humanity and decency. It beclouds the mind retards the growth of the intellect, debauches men, women and children, and shackles the minds of all who come under its influence. What a great opportunity there is for men of means to use their money in defence of truth, justice and humanity. Instead of sending you $1 I wish it could be $100, but I am not blessed with much of the world's goods and am 65 years old. I have ordered a "Dog Fennel" and the Magazine. I sit and read the Blade when I am tired and it gives me rest. I read it when I have the blues and it disperses the clouds. It is a panacea for all evils. I hope you will continue to administer full doses to "Old Skinny," Rosy, and all the rest of the maimed, halt and blind.—SAMUEL BREWER.

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BIGELOW CRITICISES THE BIBLE.

"Largely Historical, at Times Fictional, a Record of Ancient Tradition and Never Inspired," Says Congregational Minister.

In his Sunday night lecture at the Vine Street Congregational church Rev. Herbert Bigelow told his audience that he did not regard the Bible as inspired and infallible, but rather as a historical record. He thought that while it contained much of good, it also contained much of bad in its teachings. He thought the pulpit owed a debt of gratitude to Paine and Ingersoll for emancipating the mind from the superstitious regard for scriptures. He regarded it as made up from traditional fragments of fact and fiction, compiled by learned but unenlightened writers in a day and generation removed from the events recorded. He thinks that if accepted as historical and traditional, the Bible furnishes excellent and not unprofitable reading. This because it deals with manners and customs of ancient people. When looked upon as the infallible, inspired word of God, in Mr. Biglow's opinion, there is encountered great difficulty in winnowing the wheat from the chaff by reason of the confusion of fiction with fact.

SCIENCE NOTES.

(By Prof. Edgard Larkin).

One can scarcely keep up with results of the researches of archaeologists. The extensive discoveries by parties sent out by the University of Pennsylvania, to historic and pre-historic places in Asia, are now attracting general attention throughout the literary and scholastic world. Vast numbers of tablets, titles, inscribed cylinders, and cuneiform writings, whole libraries in fact, are being taken out intact from the buried cities and palaces at Nippur. The origin of history, religion, art, science, in short everything is being made clear as the light of day. Extensive changes in our concepts of antiquity will soon become widespread. The existence of intellectual man on the earth must be extended back for thousands of years. The exact origin of the current religion is now known. The beginning of art and the commencement of literature are discovered. The origin of worldwide mythology, astrology is laid bare. Science was well advanced 10,000 years ago. Governments of high order and elaborate codes of laws were existing in Central Asia at least 100 centuries deep in the past. Only a few thousands of these burnt clay books are yet translated. The whole will require years of toil. When finished, although most every idea held by modern men concerning the ancients will be modified immensely and in many cases reversed entirely. The esoteric wisdom of antiquity will soon become common property, and none can now predict the wholesale changes that will be wrought in our present ideas, habits and thoughts. Men's minds are just now merely beginning to expand, cutting loose from tne thralldom of the blackness of the darkness of the dark ages.

Lowe Observatory, Nov. 25, 1902.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S NEW CONSTITUTION

The seventh State Constitutional Convention of New Hampshire is in session at Concord, Dr. E. H. Everett of Nashau, offered a resolution on Dec. 2d to take God out of the Constitution. It reads as follows:

"In view of the surprising forethought and the thoroughly demonstrated good judgment of the framers of the Constitution of the United States, in omitting any reference to a personal God, and believing that the people of New Hampshire have reached an age of intelligence when it is safe to discard superstition, and the proper place to start should be, and is, with our State Constitution:

"Be it resolved, that the following proposition be submitted to the people: Shall all reference or inference to God, Deity or Protestant Christians be stricken from the Constitution?"

It was promptly voted down.

All the time that the voting was going on God did not do or say a thing. God has been in the Constitution of New Hampshire ever since it became a State but He seems to have taken no interest in either religion or politics. The Governor of New Hampshire said not long ago that "the people had drifted away from their faith, took no interest in religion, and many of the church buildings were falling to decay."

Certainly God has not been very prominent in the politics of that State the Republicans have had it all their own way. Preachers are proclaiming from their pulpits that God is a Democrat, and that His only son was a Socialist. The framers of the New Hampshire Constitution will fix the Deity, God and the Protestant Christians all right. Catholics and Rationalists will have to emigrate.

Marilla M. Ricker said of her native State, "She is little, but O, Lord!" It looks that way.

JOSEPHINE K. HENRY.

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PRAISE FOR MRS. STANTON.

At a memorial service held in Washington in honor of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mrs. Helen H. Gardner, who had been associated with Mrs. Stanton in her tireless work for the rights of women, said in part:

"Mrs. Stanton, first of all wished it known that she died as she had lived—a fearless, serene agnostic. Her philosophy kept her sane and sweeet. No fear for her soul, no dread of any future life, prevented her from using all her splendid energies to better conditions in this wirld. Only three days before she died sh wrote that second lawyer-like article on the divorce problem which she contributed to the symposium in the New York American — the only note struck in discussion, with one possible exception, up to that time, that was clear, frank and untrammelled by public opinion and ancient superstition."

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On the first and third Tuesdays of each month low one way and round trip rates are in effect via the Queen & Crescent Route to points in Tennessee, Alabama, Missippi, Georgia, Louisiana, North and South Carolina, Kentucky and Virginia. For information call at City Ticket Office, or address W. C. RINEARSON, G. P. A., Cincinnati, Ohio.

"BEHIND THE BARS: 31498."

My Book That I Wrote in the Penitentiary.

"Behind tne Bars; 31498," is the title of an autobiographical book I wrote while I was a government prisoner in the immense penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio; the figures "31,498" being my prison number.

Nothing else can so give one an idea of my eventful life as does this book.

It is neatly bound and seems to be regarded as quite readable.

For sale at this office—Price $1.00, or given as a premium for every 5 on club at the 50-cent rate.

CHARLES C. MOORE.

SEE THE WEST IN ITS 1902 PROSPERITY

Homeseekers' excursion tickets are sold over the Burlington Route on the first and third Tuesdays of each month at one fare plus $2.00 for round trip to the territory east of the Rocky Mountains.

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W. C. RINEARSON, G. P. A., CINCINNATI.

Notes and Comments

By JOSEPHINE K. HENRY.

HERESY ABROAD IN THE LAND.

The following special to the Cincinnati Post will explain itself:

Columbia, S. C., Dec. 5.—Rev. Dr. Gordon B. Moore, charged with being a heretic was requested to resign as professor of physiology in Furnam University, a Baptist college. He refuses. The entire student body quit work, and resolved to leave if Moore withdraws. The State Baptist convention is considering the matter.

Last week a whole congregation of Baptists in Hawesville, Kentucky, renounced orthodoxy. This week the entire student body of a Baptist University resolve to withdraw if their heretic teacher is forced to resign. The woods are full of heretics and if a.. of them, even from the orthodox South, should attend the National Liberal Party to be held in Lexington, Ky., Jan. 23, 24 and 25, 303, the city could not accommodate them. What next?

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California, in a Thanksgiving sermon at the First Presbyterian church of San Francisco, expressed himself as follows regarding Foriegn Missions:

"No one does any good by carrying a people away from its faith. No one does good who tears a Chinaman from the faith of his ancestors. The missionaries who seeks to root out old faith, in the hope of teaching new theologies have failed, and wrought mostly harm."

This is exactly what Rationalists claim. The heathen mythologies are just as reasonable and credible as the Christian theologies. They both brutalize and benumb the human mind and enslave it to ignorance and fear.

The only missionaries needed in this world are those who instruct their fellow creatures in the efficacy of soap and water, creature comforts, high thinking and noble living, and from conditions in Christendom, it does seem that we need our charity at home. The book says, "He that provideth not for his own household is worse than an Infidel." Is this idea permeating the Presbyterian church? Verily "the world do move."

CALLING ON THE WOMEN

Not help us Cassius, but help us women or we sink.

Rev. Dwight M. Pratt addressed the Woman Club of Cincinnati last Monday on "The Enforcement of the Law." "Law in a Republic is, generally speaking, an expession of the popular will," he said. The laws on our statute books oxpress the wishes of the people, except where Legislatures have been bribed in the interest of certain classes and corporations. The nonenforcement of the law means defeat of the public will.

"Three evils which constantly menace the enforcement of the law are the saloon, the gambling den and the social evil. These things breed crime and perpetually plan new was to defeat the law.

"My reason for speaking of these evils to the Woman's Club is to stimulate this organization of ntelligent women to a more aggressive campaign against them. Woman's work is to create public sentiment. They are the social conscience. It is far better and easier to form than to reform. Reform is only necessary when the forming has been neglected. I am old-fashioned enough to believe that a disregard for human law means a disregard for Divine law."

This man says "the human laws on our statute books express the wishes of the people." According to that, women are not people.

He says "women are the social conscience" according to that, religion, law and politics have no conscience, and it does look that way, for certainly women are not allowed a voice in either one, but when they need financial or moral help, they call on the "social conscience" to lend aid. The women are called on to help enforce the law against the saloon, the gambling den, and the social evil. Who keep and support these dens of vice? Who has the ballot to vote them in or out by "popular will" which is always of the masculine persuasion? If I were a man armed with the sovereignty of American citizenship, I would be ashamed to ask the underhanded influence and aid of political slaves, to overcome the evils that have been planted in our midst, and are fostered by sovereign citizen kings.

This Reverend told that Woman's Club that "Reform is only necessary when the 'Forming' has been neglected." Women are told that they form the characters of men. If that is true, all the evils in society are due directly to women, and Rev. Pratt conveyed this idea to the women whether they recognized the fact or not, and then he got off something about the Divine Law. This old jag of Divinity and Divine Law has been used for all it is worth on congregations of women since before Moses was in the bullrushes, (if I were a prude I would say cow-rushes).

When women refuse to be exploited by preachers and politicians the "social conscience" will be able to do some forming and reforming on its own account. The women of the Cincinati Club would have dignified their womanhood, by telling this Reverend gentleman, if men are so helpless they cannot correct evils without our underhanded influence, give me the ballot and we will do it ourselves. One ballot is worth more than twenty "influences."

TWO LETTERS

FROM BRO. ARMSTRONG ABOUT BRO. HURT.

San Antonio, Tex., Nov. 30, '02.

Dear Brother Moore:-

In your issue of today there is a criticism of myself by my friend Walter Hurt. I send you the reply herein enclosed and I ask you to publish it for this reason—everyone has the right to be heard before the same tribunal which he is indicted. You will therefore be absolutely without excuse if you refuse to insert it in the Blade at an early date. To be candid with you my preference is that you refuse it publication, for that furnishes me with a club to pound your alleged Liberalism, etc.

You must understand, however, that I am not your enemy because I am your critic. In the service of truth we must ignore personality and it is for this reason that I think none the less of Hurt for his criticism of me. He is perfectly entitled to hold and to express any opinion of me that he may have, and I simply wish to try to teach you to be as liberal to me as I am to you.

In case you do not publish my reply please return it with inclosed stamp, and oblige, with best wishes for a happy Christmas and a merry New Year.

Yours Sincerely,
JAS. ARMSTRONG, JR.
Box 30.

A SELF-CONFESSED DEGENERATE (?).

In the issue of the Blade of November 30, Walter Hurt devotes a little more than a column to myself. His criticism, while entirely impersonal, is about as severe as it can be. The principal charges of his indictment are superficiality, sophistry and intellectual prostitution. They may be enumerated as follows:

First — "Within the brain of this ultra-utilitarian there dwells no dream of a lofty altrustic purpose—he is consistent only in his inconsistency."

Second—"He cares not which side he espouses, so long as he finds opposition.'

Third — "He doubtless will deny that he is a mental prostitute. No newspaper worker who is constantly confronted with the bread-and-butter problem can afford to be entirely honest."

Fourth — "He is not a strikingly original nor an exceptionally strong thinker—there is little that is human in his philosophy."

Fifth—"Armstrong is a clever controversialist, and can build up a structure of sophistry that is nearly impregnable. The mass of his work is made superficial by its banal character. He is an omnivorous reader, rather than a finished scholar."

Sixth.—"He is a PROSTITUTE OF THE PEN and must cater to his constituency. I confess to a considerable admiration for Armstrong's ability and attainments. With a DEFINITE AIM and continuity of purpose, he may yet do some work of enduring worth."

I have long since ceased to be offended by criticism of any kind. If a man calls me a liar, and I am a liar, it does not mend the matter to get angry; and, in case I am not a liar, then he is a liar and a slanderer as well, and I simply feel sorry for him. I feel sorry for Walter Hurt, therefore because he is a very ignorant man. I am certain that he would not intentionally take from me "the immediate jewel of my soul,"—honor. He is thoroughly a good fellow, just as good personally as he is worthless intellectually, and in the way of a character credential this is giving him the greatest praise. Hurt is a victim of the delusion that because he can write well, he can think well. He is unmindful of the fact that because a buzzard flies well he is not, therefore, a professor of aeronautics.

In order to show that Hurt's method of criticism is entirely unsound, I propose to apply it to himself. In the Blade of November 23, he has an article on what might be called sex slavery. Therein he says:

"Civilization is more brutal than barbarism. Among our primeval progentious woman was subordinate only because of her physical inferiority."

To be as unfair with Hurt as he was with me, I ask this question: Is Hurt civilized? If so, according to his own statement, he is more brutal than a barbarian, and since the barbarian was a rape fiend he (Hurt) is more brutal than a rape fiend. If Hurt denies that he is civilized, then he is not MORE brutal than a rape fiend, but only JUST AS BRUTAL as a barbarian. It is not sophistry, I think, to say, that if all civilization is brutal, all civilized men are brutal,. Did Hurt mean that all or only a part of civilization was brutal, and if so, to what part does he refer to as being brutal, the part he belongs to, or the part that the other fellow belongs to?

If Hurt is civilized and treats his wife well, then civilization is not more brutal than barbarism. But it is not to be believed that Hurt treats his wife better than a considerate number of other civilized people, and he has, therefore, groosly slandered, either knowingly or ignorantly a considerable number of his fellows by saying that they are worse than barbarians, that is, worse than rape fiends. If Hurt is not civilized, but a barbarian, then he has made the mistake of judging other people by himself, and since his opinion, in that event, is only the opinion of a barbarian, it is not worth the notice of the civilized.

Speaking of civilization, Hurt, says: "The limitations of language make impossible its correct characterization." He is, therefore, one of the two things,—a most monstrous man, or a very careless writer. In either event, he is not a "strikingly original nor an exceptionally strong thinker." For he has said that civilized men are more brutal than barbarians, such is his conception of civilization, and he has also said "that whatever can be conceived is, at least, the reflection of a reality." Now, where are we to look for the reality which is reflected in the assertion that civilized men are worse than fiends,—in Hurt's own life, or in the lives of others? If it is not in his life, how is it that civilization has failed to put it there, that is, if he is civilized, and if he is only a barbarian, how does it happen that he is better than other barbarians?

In defense of Hurt, shall I say that he did not mean to characterize all the civilized as unspeakably brutal, notwithstanding he said that they are so brutal that "the limitations of language make impossible their correct characterization? shall I excuse him, for I really like him, by saying that he is ignorant and does not know what he is talking about, or that "he is confronted with the bread and butter problem, and cannot afford to be entirely honest, and is therefore a PROSTITUTE OF THE PEN AND MUST CATER TO HIS constituency." I truly feel that I ought to be as charitable to him as he has been to me,—no, I feel that I should be more so, and I say that the good fellow is simply ignorant. Of course, Hurt is not perfectly ignorant, for that were impossible, and there is a manifest grandstand play in his defense of womanhood.

Hurt says that "Slavery of sex is a barbarity that parallels slavery of race," from which I infer that he would have women free, just as free as men are. I do not believe that he would have women as incontinent as men are, and, therefore, the counterpart of his proposition, that women should be free, is that men should be chaste, all of which shows that Hurt has a brain, "in which there dwells a dream of a lofty altruistic purpose." He actually believes that men can be educated to become as chaste as virgins, as unstained as the most immaculate womanhood. For such is the counterpart of the proposition that women should be educated to become as free as men. Freedom is simply the opportunity to do as we please, and since sex freedom has not caused man to please to be chaste, will Hurt please explain how the same thing will make woman please to be chaste. I am sure that women are sexually infinitely more moral than men, and wishing them to remain so, I am unalterably opposed to the doctrine of free love, which is the extreme conclusion of Hurt's position. Is Hurt a free lover? If not, what does he mean by "an emancipated woman?" Does he admire the man who permits another man to go with his wife, even with her consent? If he does, then he is a free lover; if he does not, then he does not believe in emancipated womanhood, since the very essence of emancipated womanhood, or manhood, or anything else, is the privilege of doing as we please. Now, I would like to have Hurt tell me whether he was simply throwing boquets at the ladies, or he meant just what he said.

In conclusion, I will say a few words about myself.

First; I am not ultra-ultilitarian. I never refuse a man a meal as long as I have the price, nor inflict death on animal or insect as long as I can avoid it.

Second; I do not care which side of the argument I espouse, and I would not have Hurt's side in the present instance for "half the money." I have no opinion on any subject that I am afraid to express, or do not express whenever occasion demands.

Third; I deny being a mental prostitute and offer in evidence of the truth thereof the fact that I became a linotype operator and am at present subbing on a local daily in order to avoid the very thing with which Hurt charges me. My income from that source at present averages about $15 a week, and I am not, therefore, confronted with any bread and butter problem. I am thus at liberty to be just as honest as I please, and while I do not say that I am incapable of dishonesty I defy Hurt to show that I have at any time been dishonest.

Fourth; as to being "strikingly original or an exceptionally strong thinker," that is not for me to say. That "there is little that is human in my philosophy" is one of Hurt's peculiar statements that gives me more credit than I deserve. There is nothing but intellect in philosophy, and if mine is little human, it must be greatly superhuman, that is, divine, rather than beastly, for beasts are not reckoned as philosophers. I lay no claim whatever to being a god, and hope I may never become one, for if I did Brother Moore might assassinate me. I think Hurt meant that there is little "humane" in my philosophy.

Fifth; I am not an "omnivorous reader, nor a finished scholar." I know nothing of any of the dead languages, except Latin, and very little of that. Speak none of the modern except my own. If I were scholarly and well read I would not be a sophist, for only an ignorant or dishonest man, or both, makes false arguments. If ignorance makes me a Sophist, then I am not to be censured. If wisdom makes me so, then it is wisdom that makes me dishonest, and you certainly will not blame a man for doing the wise thing, will you?

Sixth, I am not "a prostitute of the pen," for I write what I wish for the Isonomy, which Reed does not endorse, and expect to write many more.

And now, thanking Hurt for the "considerable admiration that he has for my ability and attainments," as well as hoping that I may some day acquire "a definite aim and continuity of purpose," that I may do "some work of enduring worth?" I am,

Yours Chastely.
JAMES ARMSTRONG, JR.
San Antonio, Tex., Nov. 30.

Comment—I don't think that either of those letters are any credit to Armstrong. He could have done a great deal better by simply saying to Hurt: **"You are another,"** and, at the same time, have saved all this space in my little paper.

The short letter to me is an implied compliment. Any other editor in the United States would have been insulted by his attempt to bulldoze him into publishing his peace, would have slided his lone stamp into his drawer, thrown his letter in his waste barrel and have told him to go to the devil.

Still, I like Armstrong—think him a man of some genius, afflicted with a diarrhoea of words, sometimes inducing a corresponding constipation of ideas, but, in matters religious, it would be better for him if he would come straight out Catholic or straight out Infidel. They make a bad mixtry.

MRS. KELSEY

Says Methuselah was 70 Feet Tall, and Waded Around "The Flood."

Belleview, Fla., Dec. 1, 302.

C. C. Moore:-

Methuselah was a giant about 70 feet tall. He might have waded around in the water or sat on the ark and let his feet hang over.

We know there was plenty that he could get to eat when we think of the amount and variety of things that must have been floating on the water.

A good phrenologist can tell how long a person may live by measuring from the hole in the ear to the base of the brain, allowing ten years for every one-eighth of an inh.

Thus Elizabeth Cady Stanton must had have one and one-eighth inches, while Ingersoll may not have had more than seven-eighths of an inch.

Then 969, the age of Methuselah, divided by 10 equals 96 and nine-tenths, divided by 8, equals 12⅛; a little more than one foot. He must have had at least five times as much brain above, which would have made his head a little more than 6 feet long. (The long-headedest man in the Bible—Editor Moore).

A well proportion person is, I think, eleven times the length of his head, which would have made Methuselah's height 66½ feet.

But, Brother Moore, what I want to know most is, how you, when a preacher, explained the two births of Christ recorded in Matthew and Luke, and how, now, as an Infidel?

You will find Lot's wife, no doubt, when you go to the Orient. I was told, not long ago, by a sailor who had been there, that he saw her and if any one broke off a finger or chipped off a piece of her it immediately grew again.

I don't want any of her but I'd like a description of her dress which you will no doubt, give in "Dog Fennel in the Orient."

MRS. KELSEY.

Answer—I had hoped that Methuselah was drowned, but I now believe he waded around, through the whole flood, and eat crawfish, or watermelons, or just any old grub he found floating around, and he was the main guy and Noah and his people were all just the floating population of the neighborhood.

It's awful embarrassing thing for a preacher to be asked how he reconciles things in the Bible, but bein as you are a woman I will explain to you about the two births of J. C.

He was a God and a man, too, you know, and the God part of him had to be born at one time and the man part at another time. You see if both parts of him had been born at one time, he would have been twins.

When that sailor went to see Lot's wife it was one "old salt," going to see another one.

Never believe any sailor; they are all as big liars as Zarchary.

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	No. 2, Daily Ex. Sunday p. m.	No. 4. Daily. a. m.
Lv. Lexington	2:25	7:45
Lv. Winchester	3:10	8:25
Lv. B'tville Junction	5:11	10:29
Ar. Jackson	6:15	11:30
Ar. Cannel City		12:45

Westbound.

	No. 1, Daily Ex. Sunday a. m.	No. 3. Daily. p. m.
Lv. Cannel City		1:05
Lv. Jackson	6:25	2:25
Lv. Bt'ville Junction	7:26	3:26
Lv. Winchester	9:23	5:[illegible]
Ar. Lexington	10:20	6:05

Nos. 3 and 4 make close connection at O. & K. Junction for Cannel City and points on Ohio & Kentucky Railway.

Nos. 1 and 2 connect at L. & E. Junction with Chesapeake & Ohio for Mt. Sterling and local points.

Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 connect daily except Sunday at Beattyville Junction with I. & A. Raiway for Beattyville.

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